1: Hart & Pilling E-5 (1928-1954) 1960
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the relatively favorable food supply. Some of the Tiwi artifacts, particularly the highly decorative graveposts and ceremonial spears, are unique among Australian tribes, and the carving and painting of these graveposts and spears were skills possessed only by the senior men. They were provided with the leisure time necessary to develop and use these skills by the efficiency in food production of the large household which all old men were expected to accumulate with age, and which many old men did succeed in accumulating. We said earlier that the bigger the household, the better its members ate. We now add the further correlation that the bigger the household, the more leisure time was provided for its head to engage in manufacturing and artistic production. Tu'untalumi has been cited as an example of a large household head (twelve resident wives and thirteen children at home in 1928-29) who loved ceremonial affairs. It would be wrong to infer from this that Tu'untalumi only loved going to parties. He also loved preparing for them, and this preparation (for him as for all other senior men) included the manufacture of ceremonial spears, the preparation of graveposts, and the composition of songs and dances. In the long dull periods between trips outside his home district, he spent most of the days and many of the nights in the creation of these ceremonial necessities. He was not a full-time specialist in the sense that he made spears or posts to exchange with other men who had neither the time nor the skill—the rules of kinship required that every senior man make his own ceremonial spears and contract for his own posts. Tu'untalumi manufactured his graveposts to meet his own ritual obligations, but he took a more magnanimous view of those obligations than did most men. Put in our terms, we might say that he was wealthy enough (in the size of his household) to be generous with his own productions. One example of this attitude was his attendance at funerals that other men of equal kinship to the deceased did not find it necessary to attend; his frequent contribution of an extra gravepost to those provided by the chief mourners of the deceased was a similar gesture. "Tu'untalumi not only came to our mother's funeral, he also made a gravepost for it" was a very gratifying reflection for an obscure group of mourners to cherish among their memories, and of course it was acts of this sort that made the old man so well liked and admired. The economic point of the matter, however, is that only a man with as large a household as his could afford the gesture of giving away, in a situation where kinship obligations did not demand it, a gravepost that required about a week's full-time work.

It was, however, sad to observe that as an artistic producer Tu'untalumi, like many intellectuals in other cultures, tended to operate in too many media. His work as a composer of songs and dances was universally admired, but his graveposts, while appreciated, were not regarded as being as outstanding, technically speaking, as those of another old man, his crony Timalarua. In personality, Timalarua, a successful household head (eleven living wives, ten children at home), was quiet spoken, placid, and only mildly gregarious, and he is mainly of interest because in his leisure-time activity he paid but routine attention to song and dance compositions and concentrated rather single mindedly on making canoes, ceremonial spears, and graveposts. Pre-

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[C.72.0]

A

B

C

D

PLATE 27. *The Final Pukamuni Rituals*
A, Chief Woman Mourner; B, Scene at Burial Poles; C, Mourning at Burial Poles; D, Presentation of Gifts.

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765 their bodies (p. 138). Again, a man picked up a *pukamani* basket, symbolised the pouring out of the cooked *kulama* yam on a sheet of bark and passed it to the *kulama* call of "*Brr, brr, brr*". This action completed the dance.

(c) The Payment of the Workers

●431 765 While other dances, which I did not see, were being performed in the two *milimilas*, the *pukamani* men and their wives unpacked the gifts for the "workers", and spread them out on the ground (Pl. 26a). There was much good-natured discussion about their equitable distribution before the presents were finally separated into lots and placed one on the top of each pole.

177 533 765 [302] *Wurarbui*, resplendent in his body paint and coloured *pukamani* ornaments, mounted one of the larger poles and chanted songs telling how he became possessed of the great wealth which enabled him to buy the presents for the "workers".

[539] "I am a big Government man," he boasted, "so I was able to get plenty of money."

"I stole the money from the Government to pay for the presents and the police locked me up."

[535] While *Wurarbui* chanted this song, *Marawani* and the women danced with their hands crossed as if in handcuffs.

As the song continued, *Marawani* ran after *Pulanimbwi*, dragged him into the *milimila*, and struggled with him in imitation of a policeman making an arrest.

Other songs were chanted ridiculing a Government clerk at Darwin, while one of them "wrote" out an order, passed the "money" to a *pukamani* man through a window (an opening in a pole) and then demanded, in a loud domineering voice, his thumb-print on a scrap of paper as a receipt.

177 431 765 *Wurarbui*, still seated on the top of a pole, started to distribute the presents, imitating, as he did so, the actions and broken English which the same clerk used when dealing with aborigines.

"You a worker," said *Wurarbui*. "Have you a wife? How many children? You work for me, make proper good pole, I pay you."

The "worker" on accepting his payment, put his thumb-print on a scrap of paper (initialled—with a twig—by another *pukamani* man), and walked away satisfied[81] with his square of printed calico, pipes and tobacco. As each "worker" received his gift the *pukamani* men performed a dance.

[81] This is not always so. Sometimes a "worker" becomes so annoyed over inadequate payment that he will not allow his pole to be carried to the grave, preferring to let it rot in the forest. On several occasions we saw a pole which had been left in the forest because its maker was dissatisfied with the payment.

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When all the "workers" had been paid, *Wurarbuti* called my name and presented me with a number of *pukamuni* arm and chest ornaments (Pl. 31), which normally would have been left on the grave.

These ornaments, *Wurarbuti* explained, were a gift from the dead man, *Waniamperi*, because I had assisted in making his *pukamuni* a success.[84]

In the Bathurst Island *milimika* the three "workers" were also receiving their payments.

Jibunglialumi, although he did not have as good a story to tell as *Wurarbuti*, danced around the poles with some of the presents in his hand, singing, "Here I come in an expensive motor-car, with lots of money to pay the 'workers' for cutting such beautiful poles."[85]

(d) Erecting the Poles around the Graves

The distribution of the last of the presents was a signal for the "workers" to carry the poles from the respective *milimikas* to the grave.

Some of the poles were both large and heavy; in particular that illustrated on Pl. 34D, which was eighteen feet long, and so heavy that it took seven "workers" to carry it from the *milimika* and up-end it in the hole prepared for it at the grave (Pl. 26A).

As the poles were carried past the Bathurst Island ceremonial ground, *Jibunglialumi* threw short sticks over them to commemorate the time when the skinny fish, *Pipinjawari*, took part in a spear-throwing contest at the *pukamuni* of *Purukupali* (p. 33).

While the "workers" nonchalantly carried the poles to the grave, the women, with tears running down their cheeks, beat themselves with sticks (until someone restrained them), and the close male relatives, mourning loudly, hysterically cut their heads with steel knives.

Kasopi, the son of the dead man, had washed the painted decorations from his body, and was about to cut his head when he was stopped by his step-mother, *Dominao*. On seeing this, *Marawani*, one of the chief *pukamuni* men, took the knife from the woman and gave it to *Kasopi*, who gashed his head two or three times, and, with blood pouring down his face, threw himself on the ground in a paroxysm of grief.

[84] To help them in their payments I had given the *pukamuni* men some printed calico.

[85] Although these stories about great wealth to pay the "workers" are much Europeanised, they are probably following a traditional pattern, when, instead of referring to money and the goods of the white man, the ceremonial leaders exaggerated the number of spears, ornaments, and other goods they had collected to pay the "workers".

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evening to kill geese. When they returned with only three geese, a long conference was held. I offered all the food I could spare and it was decided that, in return for a few yams and some of the goose, I should make dampers and put jam on them for the children, all of whom were under five and very hungry, and give small pieces of tobacco to the men and women. This was Albert's, Agnes's, and Big Jack's tobacco, and so everyone traded something and all pronounced it a fair deal. I cooked the damper, smothered it with jam and, with Agnes prompting, called, "Kakritjui Kali." "Little ones, come." The five who could walk, ran, then stood shyly by while I handed each a piece; then they ran back to their mothers. Soon they were back and, nudged by their mothers, all murmured "Thank you very much." This was a phrase I never heard, either in the native language or in English, when they were receiving from another native. Giving and receiving were so much a part of their life that among themselves "thank you's" seemed unnecessary.

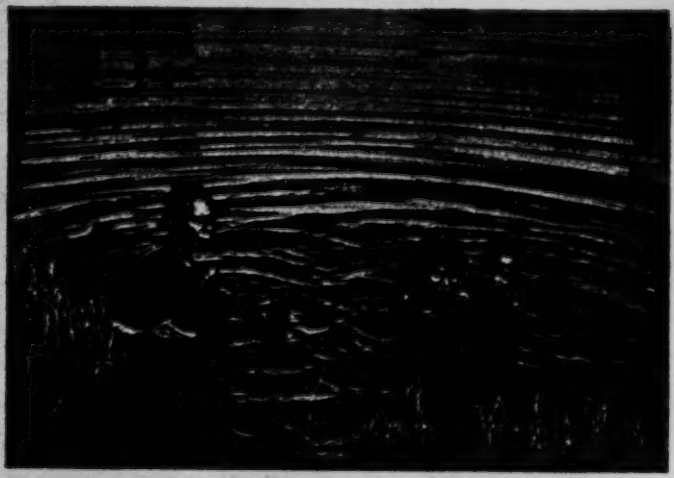

Fig. 16. Agnes, Filicy, and Crissy-boy cooling off in the river

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Fig. 20. Althea and Crissy-boy showing me the large snake which Filicy had killed

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262 cooked, with that delicious charcoal-broiled flavor so much sought after in our more elite dining establishments or in our backyards.

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224 Just as we had started our feast the other group arrived and soon had their fire started. Although no overt comparison of each other's catch was made, it was quite obvious that their hunt had been more successful. Besides the half dozen possums and two goanas, they brought over to show us an extremely large water [438] snake about ten or twelve feet long. Shortly, Filicy again came [513] over and presented us with one of their possums. After this tremendous feast, everyone stretched out and went to sleep, rousing only in time to arrive back at Minianapi in time to meet the geese.
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231 All the way back in the canoe, Crissy-boy played with two hairless
484 baby possums, creating quite an uproar as he put them in everyone's hair where they clung with their tiny feet. They died before we reached the shore and were thrown into the water. Althea was
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